

I'm Actually A Puddle

Grady

I'm actually a puddle if you know me (fuck)
Step on me? I thought that we was homies (homies)
I never liked my friends and I admitted it (I admitted it)
Hit me up again, I might consider it (might consider it)
You could call my bluff when I talk way too much
Don't hit my phone again, you're like a girl who wants to (fuck)
I guess I'm just really really really sick of it
You just need someone that you can kick it with

I fell in love her mind and her thighs
I could write about it for months
So I tried and I did
Then we broke up and I cried
Oh the cycle continues
I wanted to fix all these issues

Had to go and hibernate a little bit
Social situations had me sick of it
I was stepping for like a whole week
Only left the crib to get the groceries
I'm actually a puddle if you know me
You're my homie
I'm actually a puddle if you know me

(I'm actually a puddle if you-)
In the end she's the one that I wanted
Had to kick her to the side to decide, so ironic
I don't lie, so I rarely pinky promise
And I kept the rings on them
Til' the cheese was more prominent

I'm a sucker for love
Her and I were like butter
But I got in my head
Guess I had the bread to fund her
But what about the kids, what kids?
She don't want them for years
It makes no fucking sense... damn